CUP 21.g.41/73

BRITANNIA.

UNHAPPY *Briton's!* never long content
With greateſt Bleſſings, undeſerv'dly ſent:
Alike unſteady as the various Wind,
To this you're now, then ſoon to that inclin'd;
And ſtill embarraſs'd with an *old* Diſeaſe,
No Cordial can your ſqueamiſh Stomachs pleaſe.

Oft have the Princes of your fickle State
In Broils Domeſtick met untimely Fate,
And num'rous Subjects been of Life depriv'd
While *Britons* thus in conſtant Diſcord liv'd.
One claiming, as his Right, the Regal Pow'r,
Wades to the Throne through Seas of Native Gore;
But ſhort his Reign; for murder'd, or expell'd,
Or, as a Victum, falling in the Field,
Another the unſtable *Scepter* ſway'd,
Till to a Third ye blind Obedience pay'd;
Nor long with him the ſlipp'ry Trophie ſtay'd.

Thus two chief Branches of the Royal Stem
Contending long for *Albion's* Diadem,
Fill'd the *afflicted* Land with direful Woes;
For *Sons* to *Fathers*, they to *Sons* were Foes,
As either Side alternately they choſe.
But, Muſe, to ſing the Sanguine Roll forbear,
Nor mention more the moſt unnatu'ral War:
Do Thou no further *Albion's Annals* trace
Than Second *James*, of *Stuart's* high born Race,
When *Britons*, by Oppreſſion ſturdy grown,
Contended timely with th' encroaching Crown,
Religion, Laws, and Liberty to ſave,
While *Rome* conſpir'd fair *Albion* to enſlave.

'Twas then great *Naſſau*, wafting to our Shore,
Forbid the Progreſs of Deſpotick Pow'r:
But e're well ſeated on th' uneaſy Throne,
Unthankful Subjects, ſtill to Changes prone,
With envious Eye that glorious Prince beheld,
Who only was, or could be *Britain's Sheild*,
And, always reſtleſs, ſtrove to render vain
The beſt Deſigns of that auſpicious Reign;
Nor was it long e're *Gallia's* haughty Prince,
Encourag'd thus, made War, on this Pretence,
A juſtly exil'd Monarch to reſtore,
While *Albion's* Conqueſt in his Mind he bore:
For aiming long at Univerſal Sway,
Eager he ſought to paſs that off'ring Way
Which through unhappy *James's* Ruin lay.

The

The Rival Armies ready to engage,
Undaunted *Naſſau*, fir'd with Martial Rage,
Preſs'd on the *Gauls*, and with unweary'd Toil,
The Battles fought of this ungrateful *Iſle*.
When from promiſcuous Wounds a Crimſon Stain
O'erſpread the Surface of the hoſtile Plain.
Thus he, brave Prince, perform'd what Man could do,
By us half arm'd againſt a potent Foe,
While noble *Ruſſell*, on the Seas employ'd,
Their loftieſt Ships in thund'ring War deſtroy'd.
But when, to *Peace* conſtrain'd, his Zeal he'd ſhewn
For *Britain's* Welfare, heedleſs of his own,
He left to *Anne* the burthen of the Crown.

Juſtly againſt the faithleſs *Gaul* ſhe Arms,
And to oppoſe the War's impending Harms,
Sends *Churchil* forth, the Man by Providence
Ordain'd to humble that imperious Prince:
But when no longer *Lewis* could depend,
On baffled Troops his Country to defend,
Like *Hannibal*, when bidding fair for *Rome*,
The Victor was with-held by Foes at Home;
Mean while from hoſtile Acts our Forces ceaſe,
And *Albion* truckled to a *Fatal* Peace.

Thus what was won with ſo much Blood, and Coſt,
Avail'd but little; we that *Glory* loſt
Which in ſo many rolling Years was gain'd,
And left our brave *Allies* in Battle unſuſtain'd.

Th' afflicted Queen ſnatch'd from her *reſtleſs* Throne,
Great *Brunſwick's* Title to th' Imperial Crown
Was ſoon by His, and *Albion's* Friends proclaim'd;
A Bleſſing *Naſſau* for this *Iſle* obtain'd.

Grant Heav'n that this our *ſecond* Guardian may
Long, very long, the Britiſh Scepter ſway,
And when he mounts a bliſsful Crown to wear,
His Royal Offspring Reign propitious here.

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